

Black Widows Official Hymnal  
of the 421<sup>st</sup> TAC. FTR. SQDN.

Complete Song Book, not included in a binder.

Title: Black Widows Official Hymnal of the 421<sup>st</sup> TAC. FTR. SQDN.

Branch of Service U.S. Air Force

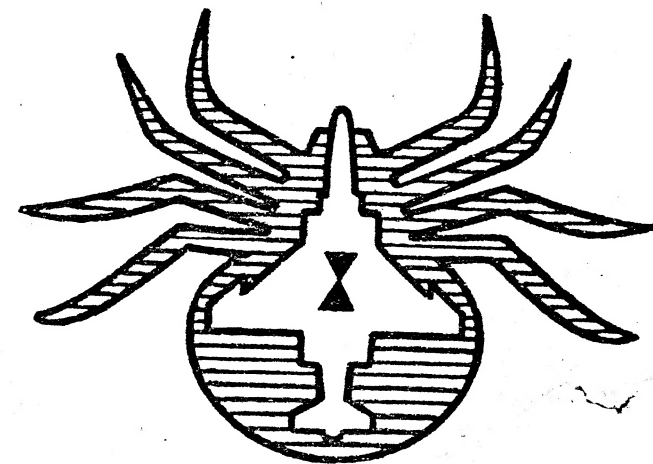
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Getz designated as (8) in upper right corner.  
(Vietnam Era)

**BLACK WIDOWS**



**OFFICIAL HYMNAL**  
of the  
**421<sup>ST</sup> TAC. FTR. SQDN.**

# INDEX

ADELINE SCHMIT	1
AIR FORCE 801	1
AIR FORCE HYMN	2
AIR FORCE LAMENT	3
A YANKEE AIR PIRATE	6
BANANA VALLEY	7
COLD WINTER'S EVENING	7
COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE	8
DOWNTOWN	9
HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE	10
I LOVE MY WIFE	11
I WANTED WINGS	12
JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND	14
LULU	14
LUPIE	15
LYMERICKS	16
SYMERICKS CONT	17
MAKE ME OPERATION	19
MARY ANN BURNS	20
NELLY DARLING (10)	20
NO FIGHTER PILOT IN HELL	20
ROLL YOUR LEG OVER	21
SALLY IN THE ALLEY	23
SAMMY SMALL (1)	23
SAVE ANOTHER PILOTS ASS	24
THE BRIDGE	25
THE GOOD SHIP VENUS	27

THE MAN WITH NO BALLS AT ALL	28
THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISMAS SEA MIXED	
COMPANY VERSION	29
THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISMAS SEA STAG VERSION	30

# ADELINE SCHMIT

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmit,  
Who went to the doctor, cause the couldn't shit,  
He gave her some medicine wrapped up in glass,  
She opened the window and shoved out her ass.

CHORUS: It was brown, brown, shit falling down,  
It was brown, brown, shit all around,  
It was brown, brown, shit falling down,  
Her life it was ruined by shit shit shit.

A handsome young Bobbie was walking his beat,  
He happened to be on that side of the street,  
He looked up so bashful, he looked up so shy,  
And a piece of brown shit hit him right in the eye.

That handsome young Bobbie, he cussed and he swore,  
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,  
And on London bridge you can now see him sit,  
With a sign round his neck saying "Blinded by shit."

# AIR FORCE 801

(TUNE: WABASH CANNONBALL)

LISTEN TO THE RUMBLE, OH HEAR OLD MERLIN ROAR  
I'M BLYING OVER MOHI, LIKE I NEVER FLEW BEFORE  
HEAR THE MIGHTY RUSH OF THE SLIPSTREAM  
AND HEAR OLD MERLIN ROAR  
I'LL WAIT A BIT AND SAY A PRAYER, AND HOPE IT GETS  
ME HOME.

ITASUKE TOWER, THIS IS AIR FORCE 801  
I'M TURNING ON THE DOWNWIND LEG  
MY PROP HAS OVERRUN  
MY COLLANT'S OVERHEATED, THE GAUGE SAYS ONE  
TWO ONE

YOU'D BETTER CALL THE CRASH CREW AND GET THEM  
ON THE RUN.

AIR FORCE 801, THIS IS ITAZUKE TOWER  
I CANNOT CALL THE CRASH CREW, 'CAUSE THIS IS COFFEE  
HOUR!  
YOU'RE NOT CLEARED IN THE PATTERN, NOW THAT IS PLAIN  
TO SEE.  
SO TAKE IT ON AROUND AGAIN, WE HAVE SOME VIP!

ITAZUKE TOWER, THIS IS AIR FORCE 801  
I'M TURNING ON THE DOWNWIND LEG, I SEE YOUR BISCUIT  
GUN.  
MY ENGINE'S URNNING ROUGH, AND THE COLLANT'S GONNA  
BLOW  
I'M GONNA BUY A MUSTANG, SO LOOK OUT DOWN BELOW!

ITAZUKE TOWER, THIS IS AIR FORCE 801  
I'M TURNING ON THE FINAL, AND RUNNIN' ON ONE LUNG  
I'M GONNA LAND THIS MUSTANG, NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY  
I GOTTA GET MY CHARTS FIXED UP BEFORE THAT  
JUDGMENT DAY

AIR FORCE 801, THIS IS JUDGMENT DAY.  
YOU'RE IN PILOT'S HEAVEN, AND YOU ARE HERE TO  
STAY!  
YOU JUST BOUGHT A MUSTANG, AND BOUGHT IT WELL  
THE FAMOUS AIR FORCE 801 WAS SENT STRAIGHT THROUGH  
TO HELL.

#### AIR FORCE HYMN

Here's a toast to the host of the men who boast the  
vastness of the sky.  
To a friend we'll send a message of his brother men  
who fly.  
We'll drink to those who gave their all of old.

Then down we'll roar to score the rainbows pot of  
gold.  
Here's a teast to the host of the men who boast the  
US Air Force.  
Off we go into the wild blue younder climbing high  
into the sun.  
Here they come zooming to meet our thounder  
at'em boys give her the gun, give her the gun.  
Oown we dive spouting our flame from under off with  
one hell of a roar.  
We live in fame or go down in flame  
Hey nothing can stop the US Air Force.

#### AIR FORCE LAMENT

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE DAYS OF MEN WHO RULED  
THE FIGHTING SKY.  
WITH HEARTS THAT LAUCUED AT DEATH AND LIVED FOR  
NOTHIN BUT TO FLY  
BUT NOW THOSE HEARTS ARE GROUNDED AND THOSE DAYS  
ARE LONG GONE BY  
THE AIR FORCE'S GONE TO HELL!

(CHORUS) GLORY, GLORY REGULATIONS  
HAVE THEM READ AT EVERY STATION  
CRUCIFY THE MAN WHO BREAKS ONE  
OH THE AIR FORCE'S GONE TO HELL!

MY BONES HAVE FELT THEIR POUNDING THROB A HUNDRED  
THOUSAND STRONG,  
A MIGHTY AIRBORNE LEGION SENT TO RIGHT THE DEADLY  
WRONG  
BUT NOW IT'S ONLY MEMORY, IT ONLY LIVES IN SONG,  
THE AIR FORCE'S GONE TO HELL!

I HAVE SEEN THEM IN THEIR T-BOLTS WHEN THEIR EYES  
WERE DANCING FLAME,  
I'VE SEEN THEIR SCREAMING POWER DIVES TAT BLASTED  
GOERINGS NAME,

BUT NOW THEY FLY LIKE SISSIES AND THEY HANG THEIR  
HEADS IN SHAME  
THEIR SPIRIT'S SHOT TO HELL!

ONCE THEY FLEW B-26'S THRU A LIVING HELL OF FLAK,  
AND BLOODY DYING PILOTS GAVE THEIR LIVES TO BRING  
THEM BACK,  
BUT NOW THEY ALL PLAY PING PONG IN THE OPERATIONS  
SHACK-  
THEIR TECHNIQUES GONE TO HELL!

THE LORDLY FLYING FORTRESS AND THE LIBERATOR TOO,  
ONCE WROTE THE DOOM OF GERMANY, WITH CONTRAILS IN  
THE BLUE,  
BUT NOW THE SKIES ARE EMPTY, AND OUR PLANES ARE WET  
WITH DEW  
AND WE CAN'T FLY FOR HELL!

YOU HAVE HEARD YOUR POUNDING 50'S BLAZE FROM WINGS  
OF POLISHED STEEL  
THE PURRING OF YOUR MERLIN WAS A SONG YOUR HEART  
COULD FEEL.  
BUT NOW THE L-5 CHARMS YOU WITH ITS MOANIN'-GROUANIN'  
SQUEAL,  
AND IT WON'T CLIMB FOR HELL!

HAP ARMOLD HUILT A FIGHTING TEAM THAT SANG A  
FIGHTING SONG,  
ABOUT THE WILD BLUE YONDER IN THE DAYS WHEN MEN WERE  
STRONG,  
BUT NOW WE'RE CLOSELY SUPERVISED FOR FEAR WE MAY DO  
WRONG,  
THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL!

WE WERE COCKY BOLD AND HAPPY WHEN WE PLAYED THE  
ANGEL'S GAME,  
WE SPLIT THE BLUE WITH BUZZING AND WE ROLLED OUR WAY  
TO FAME,  
BUT NOW THAT'S ALL VERBOTEN AND WE'LL ALL SO  
GODDAMN TAME,  
OUR SPIRIT'S SHOT TO HELL!

ONE DAY I BUZZED AN AIRFIELD WITH ANOTHER RECKLESS  
CHAP,  
WE FLEW A HOT FORMATION WITH HIS WINGTIP IN MY LAP,  
NOW THERE'S A NEW DIRECTIVE THAT WE'LL CUT OUT ALL  
SUCH CRAP  
OR WE WILL BURN IN HELL!

HAVE YOU EVER CLIMBED A LIGHTNING UP TO WHERE THE  
AIR IS THIN?  
HAVE YOU STUCK HER LONG NOSE DOWNWARD JUST TO HEAR  
THE SCREAMING DIN?  
HAVE YOU TRIED TO DO IT LATELY? BETTER NOT, YOU'LL  
AUGER IN!  
AND THEN YOU'LL SURE CATCH HELL!

MINE EYES GET DIM WITH TEARS WHEN I RECALL THE DAYS  
OF OLD,  
WHEN PILOTS TOOK THEIR CHOICE OF BEING OLD OR YOUNG  
AND BOLD,  
ALAS I HAVE NO CHOICE AND WILL LIVE TO BE QUITE OLD-  
THE AIR FORCE'S GONE TO HELL!

BUT SMILE AWHILE MY PILOTS THO YOUR EYES MY STILL  
BE WET.  
SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET IN HEAVEN WHERE THE RULES HAVE  
NOT BEEN SET  
AND GOD WILL SHOW US HOW TO BUZZ, AND ROLL AND .  
REALLY LET  
THE AIR FORCE FLY LIKE HELL.

#### CHORUS NO. 2

GLORY NO MORE REGULATION! RIP THEM DOWN AT EVERY  
STATION;  
GROUND THE GUY THAT TRIES TO MAKE ONE AND LET US  
FLY LIKE HELL!

A YANKEE AIR PIRATE

I AM A YANKEE AIR PIRATE  
 WITH DT'S AND BLOOD SHOT EYE BALLS.  
 MY NERVES ARE ALL RUN DOWN, FROM BOMBING DOWNTOWN,  
 FROM SAM BREAKS AND BAD BANDIT CALLS.

## CHORUS:

A YANKEE AIR PIRATE, A YANKEE AIR PIRATE,  
 A YANKEE AIR PIRATE AM I.  
 A YANKEE AIR PIRATE, A YANKEE AIR PIRATE,  
 IF I DON'T GET MY HUNDRED I'LL DIE.

I'VE CARRIED IRON BOMBS ON THE OUTBOARDS  
 FLOWN HIGH CAP FOR F-ONE OH THUDS  
 I'VE SNIVELED A COUNTER OR TWO ONCE OR TWICE,  
 AND SWEATED MY OWN RED RICH BLOOD.

I'VE BEEN DOWNTOWN TO BOTH BRIDGES,  
 TO THAT NYUGEN, KEP AND PHUC YEN.  
 AND IF YOU ASK ME THEN I'M SURE YOU CAN SEE,  
 THERE IS NO PLACE UP THERE I AIN'T BEEN.

I'VE FLOWN THE MIG CAP ON LINEBACKER,  
 I'VE FLOWN AN ESCORT OR TWO.  
 BUT THE THING THAT I HATE IS FLYING AS BAIT,  
 FOR A BOMBER B-FIFTY TWO.

I HAVE FLOWN NAPAİM TO TCHEPONE  
 IT'S ALMOST TOO MUCH TO ASK.  
 BUT IF YOU DARE TELL ME GO TO QUANG TRI,  
 YOU CAN SHOVE IT RIGHT UPPIA YOUR ASS.

THE PHANTOMS A VERY GOOD AIRPLANE,  
 IT'S BIG, IT'S MEAN AND IT'S TOUGH.  
 BUT IF YOU GO TO LAND AFTER BOMBING LORAN,  
 YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE IN A BUFF.

BANANA VALLEY

JUST GO ON DOWN TO BANANA VALLEY  
 GO ON DOWN AND MEET YOUR FATE  
 JUST GO ON DOWN TO BANANA VALLEY  
 WHEN YOU GO DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, YOU BETTER LEARN TO HATE

WELL I GOT FRIENDS IN BANANA VALLEY  
 I GOT FRIENDS THAT LEARNED TOO LATE  
 I GOT FRIENDS IN BANANA VALLEY  
 THEY WENT DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, CAUSE THEY DID NOT HATE

THERE'S SNAKES IN THE WEEDS IN BANANA VALLEY  
 THEM SNAKES IN THE WEEDS KNOW HOW TO HATE  
 THEM SNAKES IN THE WEEDS IN BANANA VALLEY  
 THEY GO DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, AND THERE THEY WAIT

WELL I HEARD ALL BOUT BANANA VALLEY  
 HOW FIGHT'N THEM SNAKES COULD BE SO GREAT  
 IT'S SO MUCH FUN IN BANANA VALLEY  
 GOTTA GO DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, AND INVESTIGATE

WELL TWO WEEKS AGO IN BANANA VALLEY  
 TWO OF MY FRIENDS KILLED ONE OF THEM SNAKES  
 TWO WEEKS AGO IN BANANA VALLEY  
 THEY WENT DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, TO ATTEND THE WAKE

SO GO ON DOWN TO BANANA VALLEY  
 GO ON DOWN AND MEET YOUR FATE  
 JUST GO ON DOWN TO BANANA VALLEY  
 BUT WHEN YOU GO DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, YOU BETTER LEARN TO  
 HATE

COLD WINTER'S EVENING

Twas a cold winters evening, the guests were all leaving,  
 O'Leary was closing the bar  
 When he turned and he said to the lady in red  
 Get out you can't stay where you are.

She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer  
As she thought of the cold night ahead  
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper  
And these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her the things a young girl  
should know,  
About the ways of Air Force men and how they come  
and go  
Now age has taken her beauty and sin has left its  
sad scar,  
So remember your Mothers and Sisters boys and let  
her sleep under the bar

#### COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

COME IN AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE. IT'S A GRAND PLACE  
SO THEY SAY,  
YOU NEVER HAVE TO WORK AT ALL, JUST FLY AROUND ALL  
DAY.  
WHILE OTHERS WORK AND STUDY HARD, AND SOON GROW OLD  
AND BLIND,  
WE'LL TAKE THE AIR WITHOUT A CARE, AND YOU'LL NEVER  
MIND.

CHORUS: OH, NEVER MIND, NO, NEVER MIND,  
OH, COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE  
AND YOU'LL NEVER MIND.

COME ON AND GET PROMOTED AS BIG AS YOU DESIRE,  
YOU'RE HIDIN ON A GRAVY TRAIN WHEN YOU'RE AN AIR  
FORCE FLIER,  
PUT JUST WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE A GENERAL YOU'LL  
FIND  
THE ENGINE COUGHS, THE WINGS FALL OFF, AND YOU'LL  
NEVER MIND.

CHORUS:  
YOU'RE FLYING OVER THE OCEAN, YOU HEAR YOUR ENGINE  
SPIT,  
YOU SEE YOUR PROP COME TO A STOP, THE GODDAMN  
ENGINES QUIT,

THE SHIP WON'T FLOAT, YOU CANNOT SWIM, THE SHORE IS  
MILES BEHIND,  
OH, WHAT A DISH FOR THE CRABS AND FISH, BUT YOU'LL  
NEVER MIND.

CHORUS:  
OH, WHEN YOU LOOP AND SPIN HER, AND WITH AN AWFUL  
TEAR,  
YOU'LL SEE YOUR STUBBY WINGS FALL OFF, BUT YOU WILL  
NEVER CARE,  
FOR IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES MAC, ANOTHER PAIR YOU'LL  
FIND.  
YOU'LL FLY WITH PETE AND THE ANGELS SWEET, AND YOU'LL  
NEVER MIND.

CHORUS:  
OH THEN YOU MEET A FOKKER, HE SHOOTS YOU DOWN IN  
FLAMES,  
DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME BELLY ACHIN' AND CALLEI' THE  
BEGGAR NAMES,  
JUST PUSH YOUR STICK INTO THE GROUND, AND PRETTY  
SOON YOU'LL FIND,  
THERE' AIN'T NO HELL AND ALL IS WELL, AND YOU'LL  
NEVER MIND.

CHORUS:  
OH, WERE JUST A BUNCH OF AIR FORCE TYPES, AND WE DON'T  
GIVE A DAMN  
ABOUT THE GROUNDINGS POINT OF VIEW AND ALL THAT SORT  
OF HAM  
WE WANT A HUNDRED THOUSAND SHIPS OF EACH AND EVERY  
KIND  
AND NOW WE'VE GOT OUR OWN AIR FORCE, SO WE'LL NEVER  
MIND.

#### DOWNTOWN

WHEN YOU GET UP AT TWO OCLOCK IN THE MORNING  
YOU CAN BET YOU'LL GO - DOWNTOWN  
SHAKING IN YOUR BOOTS, YOU'RE SWEATING HEAVY ALL OVER  
CAUSE YOU GOT TO GO - DOWNTOWN



SMOKE A PACK OF CIGARETTES BEFORE THE BRIEFING'S  
OVER  
WISHING YOU WERE BOMBING, WISHING YOU WERE FLYING  
COVER

IT'S SAFER THAT WAY  
THE FLACK IS MUCH THICKER THERE. YOU KNOW YOU'RE  
BITING YOUR NAILS  
AN YOU'RE PULLING YOUR HAIR. YOU'RE GOING -

DOWNTOWN - WHERE ALL THE LIGHTS ARE BRIGHT  
DOWNTOWN - YOU'D RATHER SWITCH THAN FIGHT  
DOWNTOWN - HOPE YOU COME HOME TONIGHT  
DOWNTOWN - DOWNTOWN

PLANNING THE ROUTE YOU KEEP ON HOPING THAT YOU  
WON'T HAVE TO GO TODAY-DOWNTOWN  
CHECKING THE WEATHER AND IT'S SCATTERED TO BROKEN  
SO YOU STILL DON'T KNOW - DOWNTOWN

WAITING FOR THE GUYS IN TOC TO SAY THAT YOU ARE  
CANCELLED  
HOPING THAT THE WORDS THEY GIVE WILL BE WHAT SUITS  
YOUR FANCY  
DON'T MAKE ME GO

I'D MUCH RATHER RTB. AND SO YOU SIT AND YOU WAIT  
THINKING OH FUCK SHIT HATE. I'M GOING

DOWNTOWN - BUT I DONT WANT TO GO  
DOWNTOWN - THAT'S WHY I'M FEELING LOW  
DOWNTOWN - GOING TO SEE UNCLE HO  
DOWNTOWN - DOWNTOWN

#### HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

In peace time the regulars are happy  
In peace times they're happy to serve  
But let them get into a fracas  
And they'll call out the God Damn reserves!

CHORUS: Call out, call out

Call out the God Damn reserves  
Call out, call out  
Oh, call out the God Damn Reserves.

Heres to the Regular Air Force  
They have such a wonderful plan  
They call up the God Damn Reservist  
Whenever the shit hits the fan

CHORUS:

They call up every old pilot  
They call up every young man  
The Reservists they go to Korea  
The regulars stay in Japan

CHORUS:

They called up a dozen more squadrons  
Staffed by a regular class  
But when it came time for promotion  
The reservists got jabbed in the ass

CHORUS:

Here's to the Regular Air Force  
With medals and badges galore  
If it weren't for the God Damn Reservist  
Their ass would be dragging the floor

Fight on, Fight on  
Fight on Regular Air Force  
Fight on, Fight on  
Fight on, Fight on  
Fight on Regular Air Force  
Fight on.....

#### I LOVE MY WIFE.

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do  
I love her truly  
I love the hole that she pisses through  
I love her tits tiooly - its tiooly - its  
And her nut brown asshole  
I'd eat her shit - gobble gobble  
chomp chomp  
With a rusty spoon

I WANTED WINGS

I WANTED WINGS TILL I GOT THE GD THINGS  
 NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE.  
 THEY TAUGHT ME HOW TO FLY,  
 AND THEY SENT ME HERE TO DIE,  
 I'VE HAD A BEELLYFULL OF WAR.  
 YOU CAN SAVE THOSE ZEROS FOR THE GODDAMNED  
 HEROES,

CAUSE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSSES  
 DO NOT COMPENSATE FOR LOSSES, BUSTER,

CHORUS: I WANTED WINGS TILL I GOT THE GD  
 THINGS,  
 NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE.

I'LL TAKE THE DAMES WHILE THE REST GOT DOWN  
 IN FLAMES,  
 AIR COMBAT SPELLED ROMANCE, BUT IT MADE ME  
 WET MY PANTS,  
 I'M NOT A FIGHTER I HAVE LEARNED.  
 YOU CAN SAVE THOSE MITSUBISHIS  
 FOR THOSE OTHER SONE OF BITCHES  
 CAUSE I'D RATHER SCREW SOME WOMAN THAN BE SHOT  
 DOWN IN A GRUMMAN  
 BUSTER....

I DON'T WANT TO TOUR OVER BERLIN OR THE RUHR  
 FLAK ALWAYS MAKES ME BARF MY LUNCH  
 I GET NO HEY-HEY WHEN THEY HOLLER BOMBS AWAY,  
 I'D RATHER BE HOME WITH THE BUNCH.  
 NOW THERE'S ONETHING YOU CAN'T LAUGH OFF THAT  
 IS  
 WHEN THEY SHOOT YOUR ASS OFF  
 OH I'D RATHER COME HOME BUSTER, WITH MY ASS  
 THAN WITH A CLUSTER,  
 BUSTER,....

I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE IN A DAMNED OLD PBY  
 THT'S FOR THE EAGER NOT FOR ME.  
 I DON'T TRUST MY LUCK TO BE PICKED UP IN A  
 DUCK

AFTER I'VE CRASHED INTO THE SEA.  
 OH I'D RATHER BE A BELLHOP THAN A FLYER ON A  
 FLATTOP  
 WITH MY HAND AROUND A BOTTLE, NOT AROUND A G.D.  
 THROOTTLE,  
 BUSTER...

I DON'T FLY FOR FUN A P DASH FIVE CRASH ONE  
 BLAZING A PATH FOR PATTON'S TANKS.  
 MY WIFE DON'T WANT INSURANCE AND I'M NOT OUT  
 FOR ENDURANCE,  
 I'D RATHER GO TO PARIS AND SPEND FRANCS.  
 IN ENGLAND IT WAS BLITZES AND IN FRANCE IT'S  
 MESSERSCHMITTZES,  
 OH, I FEEL LIKE SUCH A SUCKER WHEN MY ASS  
 BEGINS TO PUCKER,  
 SUCKER....

THEY FEED US LOUSY CHOW BUT WE STAY ALIVE  
 SOMEHOW.  
 ON DEHYDRATED EGGS AND MILK AND STEW.  
 WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT, THEY'LL BE  
 DEHYDRATING SEX,  
 ON THAT DAY I'LL TELL THE COACH I'M THROUGH,  
 OH, I REALLY LOVE MY BUMPIN' AND I'D LIKE TO  
 DO SOME PUMPIN'  
 BUT I'D RATHER COME WITH CHOWDER THAN WITH  
 HUNKS OF POWDER,  
 BUSTER....

THE DAY WE BOMBED METZ I RAN OUT OF CIGARETTES,  
 I ALWAYS SMOKE TO CALM MY GUT.  
 OH, THEY MAKE THEM BY THETON, BUT I' HAVEN'T  
 GOT A ONE,  
 I SIMPLY CANNOT FLY WITHOUT A BUTT,  
 THE HOME FRONT MAY BE PITCHIN, BUT WE STILL  
 DO OUR BITCHIN'  
 TILL WE FIND SOME REAL SMART COOKIE WHO CAN  
 MASS PRODUCE  
 SOME NOOKIE, LOOKIE...

JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND

Oh, I don't want to be a soldier  
 I don't want to go to war  
 Just want to hang around Picadilly on the ground  
 Livin off the earnings of me high born lady  
 Monday I touched her on the ankle  
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee  
 Wednesday with success I lifted up her dress  
 Thursday her chemistry I did see  
 Now Friday I put my hand upon it  
 Saturday she gave me balls a tweak, tweak, tweak.  
 It was Sunday after supper I shoved the old boy up her  
 And now she earns me seven and six a week, Gor blimey  
 I don't want to be a soldier  
 I don't want to go to war.  
 I just want to hang around Picadilly on the ground.  
 Livin off the earnings of a high born lady  
 I don't want no bullet up me arse hole  
 I don't want me buttocks shot away  
 I just want to stay in England, In jolly jolly England  
 And faunicated me bloomin life away.

LULU

O some girls work in restaurants,  
 Some girls work in stores;  
 But Lulu has them all beat,  
 She works in the house of whores.

CHORUS: O banging away on Lulu, banging away all day  
 Who we going to bang on when Lulu goes away,

O some girls were a kotex,  
 Some girls wear a rag;  
 But Lulu has them all beat,  
 She wears a burlap bag.....CHORUS

O Lulu had a little boy,  
 She named him Diamond Dick;  
 She would have named him Mary,  
 But he had a little prick.....CHORUS

O rich girls ride in Cadillacs,  
 Poor girls ride in Fords,  
 But Lulu rides the bedsprings,  
 To earn her room and board.....CHORUS

LUPIE

OH LUPIE, OH LUPIE, THE GIRL I ADORE  
 MY SWEET FUCKING, COCK-SUCKING MEXICAN WHORE  
 SHE'LL FUCK YOU, SHE'LL SUCK YOU TILL YOU  
 ALMOST DIE  
 I'D RATHER EAT LUPIE THAN BLUEBERRY PIE

TWAS DOWN IN CUNT VALLEY WHERE BLOOD RIVER FLOWS  
 WHERE COCKSUKERS FLOURISH AND WHOREMONGERS GO  
 T'WAS THERE I MET LUPIE THE GIRL I ADORE  
 SHE'S MY SWEET FUCKING, COCKSUCKING MEXICAN WHORE

SHE GOT HER FIRST PIECE AT THE YOUNG AGE OF EIGHT  
 WHILE SWINGING ONE DAY ON THE OLD GARDEN GATE  
 THE CROSSBAR WENT OUT AND THE UPRIGHT WENT IN  
 AND EVER SINCE THEN SHE'S BEEN LIVING IN SIN

SHE'LL FUCK YOU, SHE'LL SUCK YOU, SHE'LL KNAW AT  
 YOUR NUTS

SHE'LL WRAP HER LEGS ROUND YOU AND SQUEEZ OUT  
 YOUR GUTS

SHE'LL WRAP HER LEGS ROUND YOU TILL YOU ALMOST DIE  
 I'D RATHER EAT LUPIE THAN BLUEBERRY PIE

LUPIE, OH LUPIE LIES DEAD IN HER TOMB  
 WORMS CRAWL OUT OF HER DECOMPOSED WOMB  
 BUT THE SMILE ON HER FACE IS A MUTE CRY FOR MORE  
 SHE'S MY SWEET FUCKING COCKSUCKING MEXICAN WHORE.

LYMERICKS

There once was a young man from Kildare  
Who boogered a maid on the starrs  
The 33rd Strogke, the banister broke  
And he plished her off in mid-air.

There once was a young man from Florida  
Who liked his friends wife so he borrowed her  
He said in surprise as he spread wide her thighs  
It isn't a crotch, it's a corridor.

There was a woman from Peru  
Who had noghing on earth to do  
With both legs in the air, she counted each hair  
One thousand, nine hundred and two.

There was a young lady from Exidor  
Who was so beautiful men craned their necks at her  
One went so far as to wave from his car  
The distinguishing marks of his sex at her.

There was a young lady from Nottingham  
Who made some tarts and put snot in them  
She added some turds and a couple of dead birds  
And scratched off a dog until he shot in'em.

There was a young man from St. Ives  
Who had balls of 2 different sizes  
One was so small, it was hardly a ball at all  
While the other so large that it won prizes.

There once was a man from Calcutta  
Who was pounding off in the gutter  
But the tropical sun played a trick on his gun  
And turned all his milk into butter

There once was a young girl named Alice  
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus  
They found her vagina in North Carolina  
And her ass hole way out in Dallas.

There once was a young man named Gore  
Who wanted a piece from a whore  
Said she "Young man, go get it by hand  
My cunt, you see, is too sore."

There once was a man from Dundee  
Who boogered an Ape in a tree  
The results were most horrid, all ass & no forehead  
Blue balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a couple named Kelly  
Who were found stuck belly to belly  
It seems in their haste they used library paste  
Instead of petroleum jelly.

LYMERICKS CONT.

There once was a man from Clarige  
Who had a peculiar marriage  
He fucked his mother, and sucked his brother  
And ate his sister's miscarriage.

There once was a man from Macrametter  
Who had one of prodigious diameter  
It wasn't the size, that opened their eyes  
I'was his rythem iambic pentameter

There once was a young man from Kent  
Whose cock was so long it was bent  
So to save him the trouble, he put it in double  
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a man from Nantucket  
Whose dick was so long he could suck it  
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin  
If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it.

There once was a lady from Madrass

Who had a most beautiful ass  
 T'was not round and pink, like most people think  
 But was grey, had long ears, and ate grass

There once was a young man named Bass  
 Whose balls were made of spun glass  
 When they tinkled together, they played stormy  
 weather  
 And lightning shot out of his ass

There was a young maid from the Azores  
 Whose cunt was all covered with sores  
 The dogs in the street lapped up the green meat  
 That hung in Festoons from her drawers.

There once was a lady from Cape Cod,  
 Who thought all good things came from God  
 But it wasn't the Almighty who lifted her nightie,  
 It was Roger the Dodger by God.

There once was a young man from Boston  
 Who bought himself and Austin  
 There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas  
 But his balls hung out and he lost 'em

There once was a hermit named Dave,  
 Who kept a dead whore in his cave  
 He said "I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit, but  
 Just think of the money I save"

There once was a man from Podunk,  
 Who went to sleep in a trunk,  
 He dreamed a lady from Venus was tickling his pinus  
 And woke up with a hand full of gunk.

There once was a lady from Stroll,  
 Who had an idea exceedingly droll  
 To a masquerade ball, she went in nothing at all  
 And backed in as a parker-house roll.

There once was a young man named Green  
 Who invented a fucking machine  
 Concave or convex, it could screw either sex  
 But oh what a mess to clean.

# MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate,  
 They've scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain,  
 Don't give me a P-38

CHORUS: Just make me operations, Way out on some  
 lonely atoll  
 For I am too young to die, I just want to  
 grow old!

Don't give me a P-39, the engine is mounted behind,  
 They'll tumble and spin, and auger you in, Don't  
 give me a P-39

Don't give me a Peter Four Oh, a hell of an  
 airplane I know,  
 A ground looping bastard I'm sure to get plastered,  
 Don't give me a Peter 4 Oh

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting  
 the Hun,  
 But with coulant tank dry, you'll run out of sky,  
 Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying's no fun,  
 They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark,  
 Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me a F-84, She's just a ground loving  
 whore,  
 She'll whine moan and wheeze, and she'll clobber  
 the trees,  
 Don't give me an F-84

Just give me an old saber jet, they haven't cought  
 up with her yet,  
 She'll loop, roll and spin, but she'll ne'er auger in  
 Just give me an old Saber Jet.

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns was queen of all the acrobats.  
 She could do tricks that would give a cat the shits.  
 She could shoot green peas from her fundamentals  
 orifice.

Do a double summersalt and catch em on her tits.  
 She's a great big son of a bitch, twice the size  
 of me,

With hair on her ass like the branches of a tree.  
 She can swim, fish, hunt, fuck,  
 Fly a plane drive a truck.

Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

NELLY DARLING (10)

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nelly darling,  
 And the nipples on your tits are turning green.  
 There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,  
 You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a million crabs abounding' round your pussy,  
 When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass.  
 There's enough wax in your cars to make a candle,  
 So why not make one dear and shove it up your ass.

NO FIGHTER PILOT IN HELL

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
 The place is full of queers, navigators, bombadiers,  
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
 When a bomber jockey walks into our club

He doesn't drink his share of suds  
 All he does is flub his dub  
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce  
 Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce  
 The automatic pilots on, reading novels in the John  
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
 Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
 Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
 His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged,  
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing  
 The place is full of brass  
 Sitting round on their fat ass  
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states  
 They're all on foreign shores  
 Making mothers out of whores  
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
 They're all across the bay  
 Getting shot at every day  
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh its naughty, naughty, naughty, but its nice  
 If you ever do it once you'll do it twice  
 It will wreck your reputation, but increase the  
 population  
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I wish little girls were like little white rabbits,

And I were a buck and I'd teach them bad habits,

CHORUS: Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over,  
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon.

I wish little girls were like waves in the ocean,  
And I were the wind and I'd show them some motion.  
I wish little girls were like flowers in the  
springtime,  
And I were a bee and I'd pluck them all daytime,

I wish little girls were like sheep in the clover,  
And I were a ram and I' ram them all over,

I wish little girls were like cows in the pasture,  
And I were a bull and I' make them run faster,

I wish all them girls were like the girls down  
in Sydney,  
And I were alive and still had one kidney,

I wish all the girls were deer in the wood  
And I were a buck, I would if I could,

I wish all the girls were little hen robins  
And I were a cock robin, I'd keep 'em a bobbin!

I wish all the girls were ducks on the ocean  
And I were a drake, I'd keep 'em in motion.

I wish all the girls were fish in the river  
And I were a King Fish. I'd keep 'em aquiver,

I wish all the girls were cute little vixens  
And I were a fox, I'd certainly fix 'em

I wish all the girls were cute little virgins  
And I were a wold, I'd certainly urge 'em.

I wish all the girls were cats on a cushion,  
And I were Tom Cat, I'd certainly push them.

### SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley sifting cinders  
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man  
Wind from her bloomers broke six windows  
Cheeks of her ass went bam - bam - bam

### SAMMY SMALL (1)

Oh, my name is Sammy Small  
Fuck 'em all.  
Oh, my name is Sammy Small  
Fuck 'em all.  
Oh, my name is Sammy Small  
And I've only got one ball  
But it's better than none at all  
So, fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I killed a man  
Fuck 'em all.  
Oh, they say I killed a man  
Fuck 'em all.  
They say I shot him dead  
With a piece of fucking lead  
Through his sikly fucking head  
Well, fuck 'em all.

They say I'm gonna swing  
Fuck 'em all.  
They say I'm gonna swing  
Fuck 'em all.  
They say I'm gonna swing  
From a piece of fucking string  
What a silly fucking thing  
So, fuck 'em all.

The parson he will come  
Fuck 'em all.  
The parson he will come  
Fuck 'em all.



The parson he will come  
With his tales of kingdom come  
He can shove 'em up his bung  
So, fuck 'em all.

The hangman wears a mask  
Fuck 'em all.  
The hangman wears a mask  
Fuck 'em all.  
The hangman wears a mask  
For his silly fucking task  
What a silly fucking ass  
So, fuck 'em all.

The sheriff will be there too  
Fuck 'em all.  
The sheriff will be there too  
Fuck 'em all.  
The sheriff will be there too  
With his silly fucking crew  
They've got fuck all else to do  
So, fuck 'em all.

(softly and with feeling)

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all  
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all  
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud  
That I shouted right out loud -- (shout)--FUCK 'EM ALL!!!

#### SAVE ANOTHER PILOTS ASS

Oh I lined up with the runway and headed for a ditch  
I looked down at my prop; my God its in high pitch  
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air  
Glory, glory hallelujah! How did I get there?

CHORUS: Oh, hallelujah, Oh, hallelujah!  
Throw a nickel on the grass, save  
another pilots ass

oh hallelujah. Oh hallelujah.  
Throw a nickel on the durm and you'll be saved

Oh I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked all  
right,  
And when I made my last turn, my God I racked it  
tight  
And then the ship did shudder, the engine coughed  
and wheezed.  
May Day, May Day Colnel Walford, spin instructions  
please

CHORUS:

I started in to buzz; I thought that I was clear  
I came in over Chaumo, I knew the end was near,  
I met the flying board and they gave me the woiks  
Glory, Glory hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks.

CHORUS:

And now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer  
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near  
Then came the glorious Air Force to save me from  
the worst  
Everybody bust a gut and sing another verse.

CHORUS:

#### THE BRIDGE

SEVENTH FRAGGED US WAY UP NORTH  
ON A BRIDGE THAT WASEN'T WORTH A  
HANGING OUT YOUR ASS TO BE SHOT AT  
BUT THEY SAID YOU'VE GOT TO GO  
PUT THE WORD ON UNCLE HO  
SO YOU'VE NO CHOICE MEN THIS IS COMBAT

SO THE BOYS IN TOC  
POOPED US UP ON WHAT WEED SEE  
AND INTELLIGENCE SAID WATCH FOR SAMS  
MIGS ARE UP AND TRIPLE A



WILL BE THICK AS FLIES TODAY  
GIVE THEM HELL THE WAR IS IN YOUR HANDS

WELL WE HIT THE TANKER TWICE  
THEN MY BLOOD WENT COLD AS ICE  
WHEN WE DROPPED OF AND CROSSED THE RED  
BARRACUDA UNDERSTOOD  
HE CALLED OUT "THAT LAUNCH IS GOOD"  
TAKE IT DOWN RIGHT NOW OR YOU'LL BE DEAD

WELL IT ALMOST MAKES ME CRY  
DOWN BELOW I SEE BULLSEYE  
THROUGH THE CLOUDS OF FLACK BETWEEN THE SAMS  
THERE'S THE BRIDGE I CAME TO BOMB  
LORD I'M SCARED I WANT MY MOM  
THEN MY GIB SAID "PICKLE, PULL, BOTH HANDS"

THIS IS ALMOST JUST LIKE HEAVEN  
TWENTY MILES FROM ININETY-SEVEN  
WE'RE HOME FREE OF THAT THERE IS NO DOUBT  
THEN A MIG MADE ONE MORE PASS  
HOSED A MISSILE AT MY ASS  
AND THE BIRD PITCHED UP AND WE PUNCHED OUT

I CAN SEE THE PHANTOMS GO  
ROUND AND ROUND FROM HERE BELOW  
THEY WON'T LEAVE WITHOUT MY GIB AND ME  
AND THAT MIG TWENTY-ONE  
JUST GOT PLASTERED WITH A GUN  
AND THE PILOTS FRIGHTENED EYES I SEE

OH HE LANDED IN A TREE  
ONLY FORTY FEET FROM ME  
THEN I WHIPPED OUT MY .38  
I SAID, "TELL ME HOW IT FEELS"  
WHEN YOUR MIG TURNS TWO CARTWHEELS  
COME ON DOWN WITH US AND HERE WE'LL WAIT

"HELLO CHEVY LEAD UP THERE  
THIS CHEVY TWO DOWN HERE  
WITH MY GIB AND THE GUY YOU JUST SHOT DOWN  
"CHEVY TWO SAY WHAT YOU MEAN  
? I'VE JUST CALLED THE JOLLY GREEN"  
JUST STAY PUT AND SOON WE'LL HAVE YOU FOUND

FIRST I SAW THE SANDYS CONE  
MAKING CIRCLES IN THE SUN  
THEN THE JOLLY GREENS WERE OVER HEAD  
THE MIG JOCK WENT UP FIRST  
I MADE HIM BELIEVE THE WORST  
"NO TRICKS OR I'LL FILL YOU WITH LEAD"

WELL WE BROUGHT THAT SON OF A GUN  
ALL THE WAY TO FIFTY-ONE  
TWO TOOK OFF IT'S TRUE, BUT THREE CAME BACK  
HE WON'T FLY THE PHANTOM TWO  
BUT HERE'S WHAT WER'RE GONNA DO  
MAKE HIM HOUSE BOY FOR THE WHOLE WOLFPACK

#### THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

I WAS ON THE GOOD SHIP VENUS, MY GOD YOU SHOULD  
HAVE SEEN US:  
THE FIGURE HEAD WAS A MIAD IN SED, AND THE MAST  
A RAMPANY PENIS.

CHORUS: FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGIN'  
FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGIN'  
FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGIN'  
THERE WAS FUCK ALL ELSE TO DO!'

THE SKIPPER'S WIFE WAS MABEL, WHEVEVER SHE WAS  
ABLE,  
SHE AND THE MATE WOULD COPULATE UPON THE CHART ROOM  
TABLE.

THE CREW THEY WERE HARD CASES, YOU COULD SEE IT  
IN THEIR FACES,  
THEY TOOK TO FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGIN' FOR WANT  
OF BETTER PLACES.

THE CABIN BOY'S A HIPPER, HIS NAME WAS JACK THE  
RIPPER,  
HE LINED HIS ASS WITH BROKEN GLASS AND CICUMCISED  
THE SKIPPER.

WE SAILED TO THE FAR CANARIES AND BUGGERED ALL  
THE FAIRIES,  
CAUGHT THE SYPH IN TANARIFF AND THE CLAPP IN  
BUENOS AIRES.

SO DRUNK WITH EXALTATION, WE REACHED OUR CHINA  
STATION,  
AND SUNK A JUNK IN A SEA OF SPUNK CAUSED BY  
MUTUAL MASTURBATION.

THERE'S ONE LAD WHOSE NO VIRGIN: HE SELDOM DID  
NEED URGIN'  
SO "HAVE NO FEAR. FOR VAN IS HERE" WITH A MORE  
REPULSIVE VERSION.

#### THE MAN WITH NO BALLS AT ALL

Gather you rounders and listen to me,  
I'll tell you a story that'll fill you with glee.  
It's about a fair maiden so fair and so tall  
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

CHORUS: No balls at all, no balls at all  
She married a man who had no balls at all.

On their wedding night when she jumped into bed  
Her cheeks they were rosy, her lips, they were red.  
She reached for his penis, his penis was small  
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at  
all. ---CHORUS

"Mother, dear mother, I wished I were dead  
I'll go to my grave with my own maiden head.  
My future is slender my hopes they are small  
For I've married a man who has no balls at  
all." ---CHORUS

"Daughter, dear daughter, now don't you be sad.  
I had the same trouble when I married your dad.  
But many's the flyer who'll answer the call

Of the wife of the man who has no balls at  
all." ---CHORUS

Now this young maid took her mother's advise  
And found the proceedings exceedingly nice.  
But a bouncing young baby was born in the fall  
To the wife of the man who has no balls at  
all. ---CHORUS

Now this babe was examined that very night  
By a doctor who swore he examined it right  
But the thing that was found most peculiar of all  
Was the babe had a penis but no balls at  
all. ---CHORUS

#### THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISMAS

##### SEA MIXED COMPANY VERSION

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS THE GOMERS GOT FROM ME:  
(AND) TRACERS THROUGH A MIG CANOPY

2. TWO WING TANKS
3. THREE AIM-9'S
4. FOUR AIM-7'S
5. FIVE CANS OF NAPE
6. SIX CBU'S
7. SEVEN STANDARD ARMS
8. EIGHT LASER BOMBS
9. NINE KBA
10. TEN TRAINS A'BURNING
11. ELEVEN BRIDGES EALLING
12. TWELVE CELLS OF BUFFS

## THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

## SEA STAG VERSION

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME:

A HAND JOB IN A PEAR TREE

TWO BRASS BALLS

THREE FRENCH TICKLERS

FOUR COCKSUCHERS

FIVE MOTHER FUCKERS

SIX SACKS OF SHIT

SEVEN SCROTUMS SWINGING

EIGHT ASSHOLES ACHING

NINE NIPPLES NIBBLING

TEN TITTIES TINGLING

ELEVEN LESBIANS LICKING

TWELVE TWATS A'TWITCHING